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NBC

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WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS #101

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET ~~WMAQ~~

( MARCH ~~22~~ <sup>DATE</sup>, 1936 )

( FRIDAY <sup>DAY</sup> )

( 12.30 <sup>TIME</sup> PM )

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS







MR. JONES: Well, all right, son. I'll be the one to tell you. I'll  
tell Jim -- fix myself up just as pretty as nature made me,  
but I reckon them ain't so much.

BESSIE: You don't look nite enough if you want to, Jim -- when are you  
graduating, anyway?

(CHUCKLING) Reminds me of Charlie -- speaking about looking  
as handsome as nature made him -- Charlie's son of the boy in  
the Foreign Service, he's kinda boy-legged, you know -- and he  
used to tell about during the War when they were trying to  
make a soldier outta him. The big sergeant would say "Hurry  
up boys lined up with them hands paraded up and down the front of  
the yellin' "All right, no cookies -- eyes front, heads up,  
shoulders back, knees bunched" -- and then, looking right at  
Charlie's boy legs, he'd say, "Knees together -- or when the  
conformation of the body will permit!"

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Well, you're not boy-legged anyhow, Jim.

JIM: No -- Well, say as you are, when rigged up pretty special  
tonight, won't you, young fellow. I suppose you're recording  
the schoolmaster to this dinner?

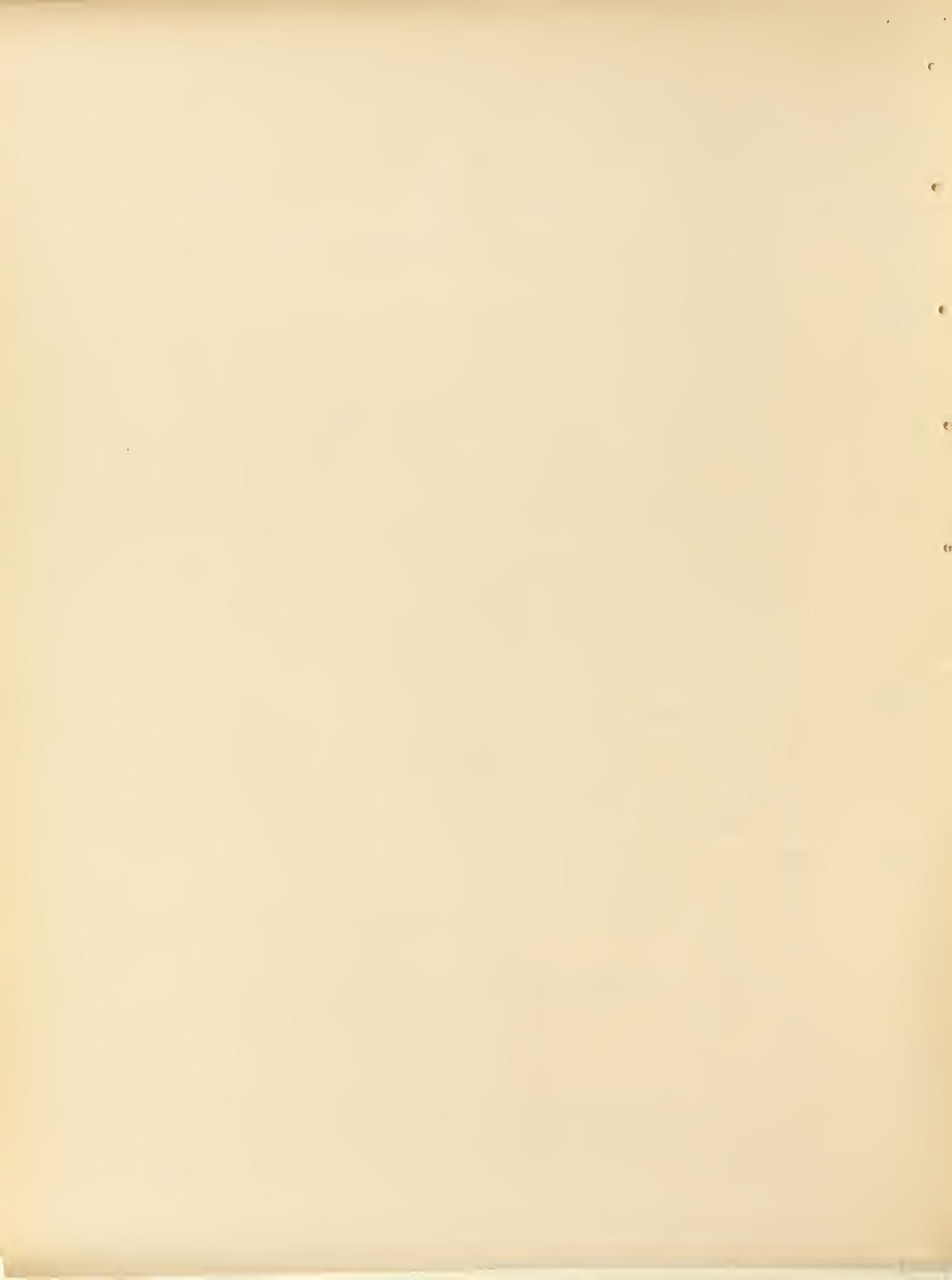
JERRY: Mary? Sure I'm taking her.

(CHUCKLES) That's why he's all dolled up like a show business  
lady, Bessie?

BESSIE: Of course -- You do look nice, Jerry. Mary's gonna be  
proud of you.

JERRY: Yeah?

BESSIE: And Jim, you go get ready, right away. They've asked you to be  
toastmaster at this banquet, you know, so you have to look  
presentable.



## INTERVALS - MUSIC

(FADE IN - HOW OF VOL 1)

TERRY: Oney, Jim Let's go.

### LIST OF NOTED SUBSIDIES



VOICES: The young ranger! -- Jerry Quicks! (ETC)

JIM: Who?

VOICES: (AGAIN CALL FOR JERRY)

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, it looks like you folks are going to enjoy us foresters overtime -- but if you want to hear from our young, assistant ranger, okay. Up on your feet, Jerry, and let's have it -- Ladies and gentlemen -- Assistant Ranger, Jerry Quicks!

APPLAUSE



JERRY: Folks, I - I'm not sure of - I have an elected buckshot -- It all won't be easy to -- other maybe the younger people wouldn't been here so long, but we have miles east to the community, you know, passed all our difficulties now - the pioneers man said this country when we all our men disappeared, and built up this community we live in without any kind of idea concerning all kinds of difficulties. But we also realize this there's still work to do -- the job isn't all done yet. We've got to work to maintain our community life and our community institutions -- to give them permanence and stability. And that's a big job too. It means the permanence and the life of the community of which our community depends on its life to solve solving tons intricate social and economic problems -- We're young people are very optimistic, but - pioneers in a new field of endeavor -- Our old timers did a splendid job. One of them kept well to millions themselves, and I hope we'll have done as good a job in our time as they did.

APPLAUSE

JERRY: Now, I didn't know I was going to be invited to try a speech and I just say, happy.

APC: Did you get Mr. Jerry, you were intended.

INTERVAL - MUSIC

(FADE IN NUM OF VOICES)

BESS: Isn't this a nice party, Jim?

TRU: Going along fine, Bess.

BESS: What are you going to call on for the next speech, Jim?



JIM: I expect I'll call on Old Uncle Billy.

BESS: Uncle Billy? Why, Jim, do you think you ought to do that? He's sort of -- everybody thinks of him around here as sort of a ne'er-do-well -- sort of a hermit, living off by himself in that old cabin, you know. Shouldn't you --

JIM: This is old-timer's night, Bess, and I reckon he's the oldest old-timer in the country.

BESS: I know, Jim, but with all our visitors here -- all the prominent people from out of town -- shouldn't you call on one of our best speakers like Judge Crockett -- or the major, Ezra Taggart -- or --

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Sometimes there's folks that do a lot of fine, high-floated oratory, and still don't say much.

BESS: I know, Jim, but --

JIM: Uncle Billy may not be any silver-tongue, but I've got a notion that he might have a thought or two that'd be worth listening to -- Anyway, here goes. (RAISING VOICE) Ladies and Gentlemen. (HUM OF VOICES SUBSIDES) -- I am going to call on our oldest old-timer, our friend and fellow-townsman, Mr. Willis Smith, better known to all of us as Uncle Billy.

APPLAUSE!

JIM: If you think it'll be too stirring standing up and talking, Uncle Billy, just sit right where you are and talk to us. We don't need to be formal at a gathering like this.

UNCLE B. (OLD QUAVERING VOICE) Mr. Tocshanner Jim Robbins, when I git so confounded old that I have to sit while I'm a-doin' my public speakin' I'm a-goin' to quit a-coming to these here old-timey doin's.



APPLAUSE.

UNCLE B:

Wall, ladies and gents --- I'm a gittin' too old fer doin' much else 'sides sittin' an' thinkin' -- an' goin' fishin' in season. Thinkin' an' fishin' I kinda works together anyhow -- one don't interfere with the other, especially.

Wall, off'n on, I bin a-thinkin' -- 'bout last Hallowe'en time, some kids come around my cabin gitten fer mischief, an' I heerd 'em do-fidgetin' around, so I went out an' I says to 'em, I says: "Roys, this here destroyin' property 'round here ain't right." I says, "The fellers who's ownin' this here property is a-payin' for yer schoolin', an' payin' for that new gymnasium we're a-fixin' to build fer yuh, all of 'em bein' yer friends." I says: "It's them yer hurtin' -- yer own friends -- an' by hurtin' 'em you're destroyin' yer own pleasure an' happiness an' yer future prospects." You know, folks, it sorta got them boys an' they said they'd quit an' by gun they did.

Wall, I bin thinkin' about that, off'n on, like I said -- an' I bin thinkin' mebbe us old-timers was a lot like them kids, some ways. We done a lotta hard work in our day, clearin' land an' gittin' our ranches established an' gittin' roads built into 'em an' buildin' our schoolhouses an' so on, startin' from nothin' -- but we also done a heap o' scrappin' and squabblin' an' tryin' to git hold of each other's property an' wastin' an' destroyin' public property which we shoulda bin conservin' fer our own good. We fit over the ranges, each tryin' to git our stock up on 'em so's to git a couple more stems o' grass than the other feller; an' we cut 'em and burned up whole big stands o' timber, wasteful-like, without stoppin' to think where we'd be when there warn't no more, (MORE)

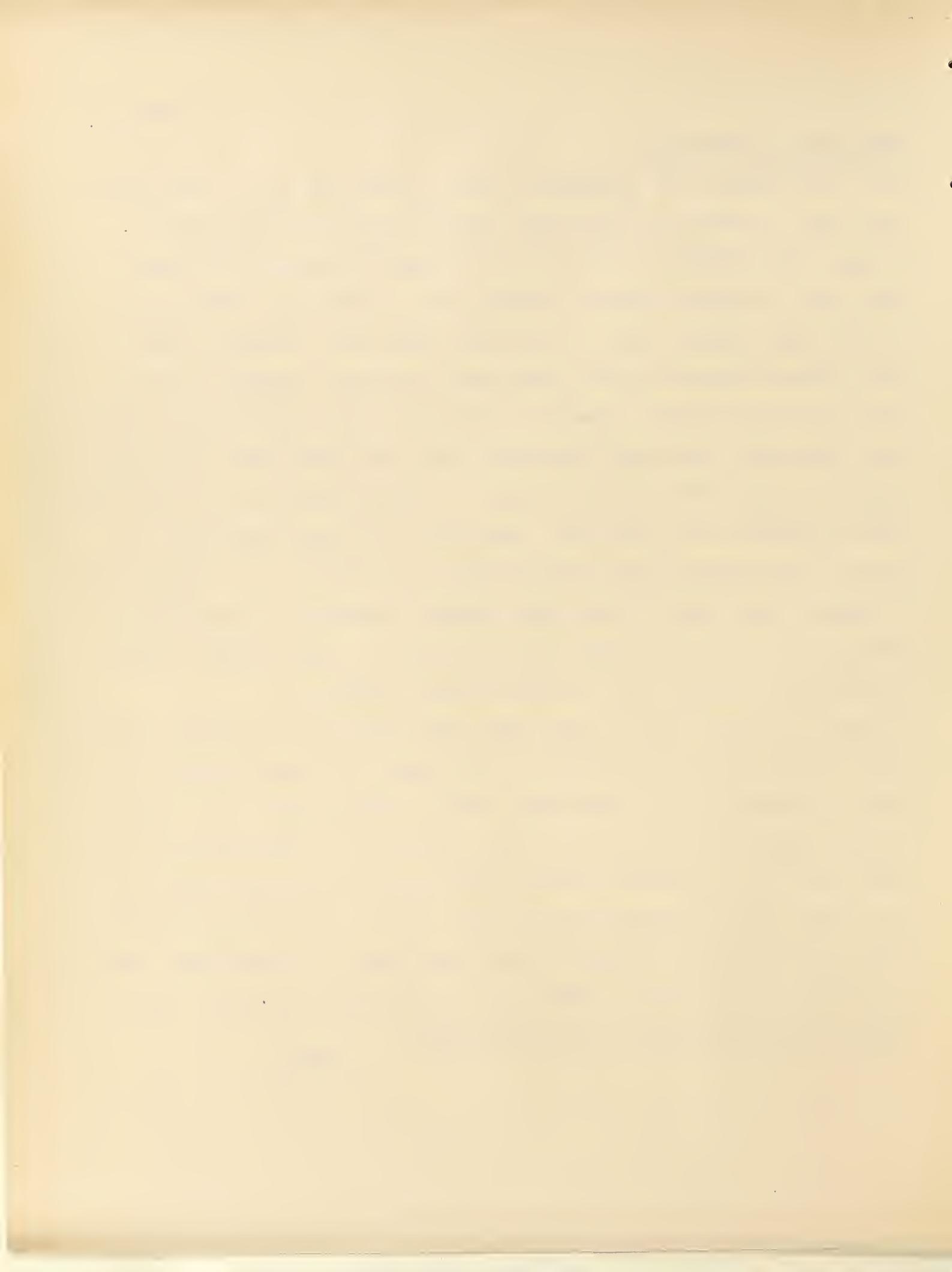


UNCLE BILLY (CONTINUED)

An we was wasteful an' unthinkin' a lot o' ways like that -- just like them kids -- wastin' and destroyin' without thinkin' what it meant. By gum, I bin thinkin', what's goin' to keep this here little town of ours goin'. What's it goin' to keep goin' on, I'm askin'. Waste land an bare soil, washin' away in the rain, ainta goin' to keep it goin'. Bare soil and rocks, with the grass all et out and tramped out, ain't goin' to raise us no fat steers to ship out at the cattle-loadin' siding. Bare soil ain't gonna keep the lumber mill over 'cross the tracks yonder a-goin', 'cause how's the mill a-goin' to keep a-runnin' if we don't keep trees a-growin' up in the hills. Bare soil an' rocks ainta goin' to bring no city-folks up here summer-times fer recratin', an' incidentally a-spendin' cash money in this here country. An' what's of particular personal int'rest to me, bare soil ainta goin' to keep feedin' clear, fresh-runnin' streams where a feller kin go a-fishin'.

By gum, it's what's back o' this here town that's goin' to keep it goin'. It's the good soil in the valley an' the grass and trees a-growin' on the hills - pervidin' we use 'em right. We old timers didn't use 'em none too good. We run too many stock on the range, an' we clean-cut up in the timber, an' we set around careless like lettin' fire clean up any little bit we left. That's how dome we got such a lot of waste-land hereabouts, which we gotta start a-buildin' up all over again. An' meantime, what we got left, in the way o' timber an' all, we gotta use right - else this here town'll peter out an' quit kickin'.

(MORE)



UNCLE BILLY (CONTINUED)

that young ranger over there, a little while back - he didn't do much  
 raisin', not smilin' or like your Uncle Billy does - but he said something  
 worth thinkin' on. He said somethin' bout "permanence" and "stability" -  
 I didn't get on the high-falutin' words, but I fit what he was sayin'-  
 in, all right, - meanin' this: we gotta use things like timber an'  
 rock and things like that - we gotta use 'em right. Meanin' this: while  
 we're usin' the woods, we gotta leave more green "acres" up there, while  
 we're huntin' deer we gotta keep more trees standin' up. an' so on -  
 he also said the area a lot in our part, an' we ought to leave a lot, but  
 I can sure as we right lived long enough yet to learn what that young  
 ranger was talkin' bout. An' my boy that young ranger starts a-halbin'  
 of his life a-halbin'

Then somethin' somethin' has got a lot of new-fangled words: jet plane, I mean, I mean  
 talkin' about - "Foodpreservation," "sustained-yield" an' so on - but  
 by god I calls it just plain common-sense.

(APPLAUSE)

MR. TORRINGTON: See, I told you old Uncle Billy might say  
 somethin' worth listening to.

(FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers is presented by the National  
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